A HOTT CAWDLE

For a Lukewarme

POLITICIAN,

TO

Heate him to Holineſſe, from his Temporizing Newtralities, and Frothy Formalities.

Revel. 3. 16.

Becauſe thou art neither Hott nor Cold, I will ſpue thee out.

Printed, *Anno*, 1645.

To the Honourable the Committees *for the severall Rydings of the County of* Yorke.

BRightman, on *John*, (a) us Britaines parallel'd
To *Laodicea's* Church, no better held:
And sure he did not misse the Cushion much
Detected then, we are suspected such,
Lukewarme the most, even fit to be out spewed:
For whose Curations, I these broths have brewed:
Peppered with zeale, boilde with an Altars coale,
To make some Polliticke heads, and hearts, more whole
By mixing of some Piety, (the life
Of Policie) as husband to that wife,
(The Doves simplicity, the Serpents wile,
An honest Politician doth compile)
For sullen *Ahab*, was there made, (scarce good)
A Cawdall mixt with *Naboaths* Vines, and bloud:
For *Herods* lusts, the *Baptists* head must bleed,
Popes, Prelates, Peeres, Court-Dames, such Cawdals need,
As *Clitemnestra*, *Agamemnon* gave,
Jesuites, *French* Kings: to their untimely Grave:
My Potions from these differ, as true Creeds
From Heresies, meats from poysons, cornes from weeds.
You pious Patriots, zealous, just, and wise,
With heads judicious, and with *Lincean* eyes
May judge my Cawdall hott, suites these cold clymes,
To heat the Lukewarme, yea the frozen times
In which key-cold is love, and fervent zeale
Jars hot in Church; Wars wracks in Common-weale:
Like the Smiths anvile, or the Dragons scales;
Our Hearts melt not, Word, Sword, Pest, nought availes.
What I have done cold Formalists to flame
Appeales for shelter, to your wings: worth: name.
My Printed papers next, in Prose, (sans Song)
May *Round-heads Sound-heads* prove. Tho my poor tongue
May be thought needlesse in this Cities store
Of Preachers. seven: for Cures, twise ten and more:
Yet I resolve to exercise my quills
To prick some Pests; to purge some noxious Ills.

(a) Comment in Apoc. cap. 3.

To his Whilom ignorant or Arrogant Readers.

a The Causes and cures of an unwilling Warre.

READER, in my last Booke (a) I read, thy minde,
When unto most, I colours shew'd the blinde
To some, cast pearles to Hogs, and gruntling Swine
To Dogs who snarld at every polisht line.
Readings and Similees, and Histories,
Were their Ænigmas Riddles, Misterie.
Scarce did I dreame to see in this learnd Age,
Poore Learning spurnd by Asses in their rage,
That any Dulman, any Ignoramus,
Commencing at 'Dawes Crosse, for gifts should blame us:
That any silken Sots or vulgar Votes.
Should cry downe Verse, even with their stentor throates,
Distasting and detesting Poesie,
As Arts, Tongues, Wit, and all Philosophy,
Tho through our sides their tongues and teeth fixe on,
Buchanon, Beza, David, Salomon,
Each Laureate Beuclarke (b); *every deep Divine,*
Whose Names and Fames, in Poesies now shine.
Well? I have lost one shaft, for all this poother
To finde them both, here doe I shoot another.

b See them fully historified in the preface before Origens Repentance.

A hott Cawdle for a Lukewarme Politician in theſe diſtempered Times.

AS Nature hath her ſtrange Antipathies,
Seen in the Creatures contrarieties,
As betwixt Dog and Deere, the Fox and Lamb,
The Hawke and Hen, the wily Wolfe and Ram,
The Elephant and Dragon, and neere Nile,
Perwixt th' Ieneumon and the Crocodile,
With many ſuch (*a*) of which Naturians ſure
Can reaſons render none, nor cauſe, nor cure.
So Nature in her tinctures beſt, and glozings,
Hath againſt power of Grace, ſtrong, ſtrange oppoſings:
Her civiliz'd moralities at beſt,
Her Phariſees zeale, in Cowles, Copes, Rotchets, dreſt
Religion pure: and Reformation loves,
As Hawkes doe Partridges, and Keſtrils Doves.
Whats more then Morrall, Formall, and Lukewarme,
Is a fear'd ſpirit, or fire that would doe harme,
Yea fire unraked which for want of watch
Is got out of the chinney, into thatch:
Yea ſcale-fire, which makes ſuch outragious worke,
As once in Paris, Moſco (*b*), Thebes, Troy, Corke (*c*):
Its fled from this, as from Beare, Snake, Dog (*d*), Dragon.
As tho it rag'd, mad drunke out of zeales flagon;
As *Anabaptiſts* onee, Enthuſiaſis wood,
Who Baptiz'd Belgia in her owne ſpilt bloud;
Hence like a ramping Lion, it is ſhund,
(As *Moſes* his Snake't rod, and buſh which burnd.)
Nay of each temporizing Formaliſt,
It is deteſted, like a plague ſore peſt,
Worſe then the leproſies of *Miriam*,
Of foule *Gehezi*, or the *Syrian* *.
Hence what ſo ere is pure, ſincere, ſtrict, holy,
Is branded vaine preciſe, ungrounded folly.

a See them exemplified in Magirus his Phyſickes, and Raimardus his Philoſophie, cum aliis.

b The great City in Muſcovie.

c A City in Ireland, once much burnt.

d Tanquam a cane & angue

* *Naaman.*

And best men (by Malignants) worst surmiz'd;
With scoffs of *Round-heads*, must be stigmatiz'd
As Christ that *Round-head* Crown'd-head, bore the name
Of *Galilean*, and Impostors staine.
As *Ahab* (e) and *Tertullus* (f) loud did Bellow
Paul and the *Thisbite*, each a factious Fellow,
As best Professors were besmear'd with spots
Of *Lutherans*, *Lollards*, (g) *Hussites*, *Hugenotes*,
Zwinglians, *Gizzards*, *Transmontaines*, Land skippers,
By such, whose mouths like unto gaping slippers:
Or stinking Oysters, opened soule and wide,
Gods neerest, deerest Saints, for to deride:
As *Athanasius*, *Sathanasius* was
Nick-nam'd once: spurn'd by foales of *Balaams* Asse,
The Primitive Christians too, whose names so spread
Were taxt as Worshippers, of an Asses head, (h)
For lusts promiscuous; *Thiestean* feasts,
For Familists of Love, Lusts, uncleane beasts.
Yea papiz'd *Esu's*: *Epicurus* Hogs,
By *Luthers*, *Calvins* names, have cal'd their Dogs,
As did that hunting Nimrod, voyd of grace, (i)
Whose wife a childe brought forth, Dog shap't in face,
And earst Precisians, and ranck Puritans
Were all, who were not plaine plumpt Pluritans.
Steeple cram'd Totquots, Scycophants, Court Spaniels
Episcopiz'd, detesting true *Nathaniels*.
Christ sheep must suffer, by each papall Cub,
When the chiefe Pastor, cal'd was *Bezebub*,
A gluttonous gurmundizer, Sabbath breaker
With Publicans and Sinners a Partaker;
Scribes much in dry wood did, much more in greene,
On thorny heads, soft members be not seene, (k)
Who different wayes to walk, thinkes head and body,
As a Simplician, playes but games at Noddy.
Prophets, Apostles, *Peter*, *James*, *John*, *Paul*,
To heaven the Crosse (l) way went, and Martyrs all.
If gall and vinegar the Master eat,
Must cates and comfits be the Schollars meat?
Godfrey of *Bullen*, (m) will no gold crowne weare,
Where crownes of thornes, his Saviours head did teare.

e 1 King. 18. 17.
f Acts 24. 5.
g Read the extant history of the Waldenses in English in quarto
h Tertullian in his Apology
i D. Beard in his theater of Gods judgments.
k Sub spinoso capite non debent membra esse mollia.
l Or by the Crosse.
m Read his extant history

Canutus hence, (in Superstitious losse,) (*n*)
Offers his Crowne and Scepter to a crosse.
To be an *Abell* now without a *Caine*,
A *Naboath*, *Zachary*, not abus'd nor slaine?
A *Mordachy* or *Esther*, yet no strife?
With *Hamans* plots, who would betray their life?
A zealous *Ezra*, or a *Nehemias*,
Oppos'd by no *Sanballat*, no *Tobias*?
An *Esay*, *Ezekiah*, not reviled
By Romish *Rabshake's*, with tongues defiled?
A *Micah*, or a *Jeremy* right bred,
And yet not smit, stockt, and imprisoned?
Without a Coper-smith, a preaching *Paul*?
A son of *Ishai* unpursu'd by *Saul*?
By *Shimei*, *Doeg*, and *Achitophell*?
By some Malignant, *Junior Machavell*?
A *Gideliah* quitt from *Ismael*?
Then think the Devill not loos'd, but chain'd in hell,
And that he hath on earth no working tooles
Or that his instruments be all turn'd fooles.
A *John* without a *Diotrephian* proud,
A *Luther* without *Eccius*, railing loud,
A *Hierom-Zanchius*, no *Marbachius*,
An *Origen*, yet no *Theophilus*.
Yea, *Noahs* and *Jacobs*, free from *Esau's*, *Chams*,
Then freed from wolves and foxes, thinke all lambes.
Who sets his face, head, heart, now toward Zion,
And feares, nor loves, no foes to Judahs Lion,
Who moralls all out-strips, for heavens wisht joyes,
Cashiers, soule poysoning, Ceremonious toyes,
Formes, Rites? which turne, Grace and Religion both,
Like wine to dregs, as Bottle Ale to froth.
As waters doe which in swolne bubbles swim:
As scums which seething pots, cast to the brim.
This Phœnix, this white Crow *, this blackish Swan,
This same Arabian monster, this strange man
Dropt from the clouds, the vaine and vulgar rout,
(Naturians Moralists) doe at him shout,
As did the Jewes at *Paul*, (*o*) the Popish pests
At *Luther*, (*p*) and at *Ramus* (*r*). Crowes whose nests

(*n*) *Fabian*, & *Polycronicon*.

* *Rara avis*

(*o*) *Acts* 22.22

(*p*) *At Wormes in Germany.*

(*q*) *At Paris in* be *France.*

Be robbed, or pull'd downe, doe cry and chatter,
r Gen. 31. 30 Grace ſure wrongs Nature in ſome weighty matter.
s Iud. 18. 24. *Labans* (r) and *Michai's* (s), muſt baule loud, and moane,
When that their Gods, are from them reav'd and gone.
The Divels who have in Demonaicks held
t Mark 9. 26 Poſſeſſion long, are with much noyſe repeld (t).
Hence Laodiceæans love, heart pricking preachers,
(*Pauls* or *Apollo's*,) regnant ſins impeachers,
v 1 Kin. 22. As *Ahab*, *Michai* (v), *Jezabel*, *Elias* (w),
8. Their race to hell, diverting, by ſtrong Bias.
w Cha. 19. 2. Yea if their darling ſins, they ſeem to touch,
Then neſts of waſpes and hornets they ſtir much,
Ne li me tangere, is their plague-ſore,
Like to the rich Gout, toucht, they cry and roare,
If but a dog or cat approach; hard by them,
Tangis & angis, you muſt not come nye them.
You ſleepy Lions wake, or elſe no doubt,
Their right hands be cut off, their eyes pulld out (x).
x Mat. 5. 29, Hence that reſpect to Preachers, they ſcarſe well
30. Do give: which *Iohn* the *Baptiſt*, *Samuel*
y Mar. 6. 20. Formally had from *Herod* (y), and from *Saul* (z),
z 1 Sam. 9. 6 Dolts, droanes, their loves, Monopolize, even all,
Cha. 15. 13. Birds of their feathers: Cookes which would be loath
* *Ad Gulam* Put Cates to dreſſe, (tho poyſonous) for the tooth,
domi coquus habet And Cuſhions for to ſowe, ſo that they ſleep
Jonachum. With head and heart, lull'd to damnation deep:
a Mar. 5. 17. Such *Gaderens* Chriſt thruſt out (a), but hug their ſwine;
b Act. 18. 14. No pollitieke *Gallio* (b) loves a ſtrickt Divine.
Such lips ſuch lettice: and ſuch mouthes ſuch meat,
Mules hemlocks champ: Aſſes doe thiſtles eat:
Acorns feede hogs, and apes for ſpiders hunt,
And on fleſh flyes to prey the ſpiders wont:
Old Æthiopians, Libians, Nomades,
Even guts and garbages were wont to pleaſe.
A longing woman, who is ſtomack ſick,
Sometimes had rather tarr then treacle lick.
Our wilde (vilde) *Iriſh*, will their Bonny clapper,
(Shamrocks and Raine-bow-butter) ſup, and flapper
Rather then curious Cates. Strout in their Trouzes,
Rather then ſilkes; Smoakt cabbins be their houſes.

Where

Where Otters and cleane Badgers would not rest,
Worst Preachers please vaine Auditors the best:
Sir John lack-Lattin, who faire sterve-us-reades,
(As ever Beldame pattered on her beades.)
Tonguelesse and lungelesse Clarkes full well like they
Coated in Surplesses, like fooles ith' play:
As puppies children please to play withall,
Dogs which can neither bite nor barke at all:
Both silly sheep doe love, and wolves. Fond frogs,
Desire a King hewen out from blocks and logs.
Draffe's good enough for swine: our Newtralls now,
Love as they like, quoth he who kist his cow.
As is a Misers minde, his manners sort,
With gifted men. The Cart can sleight the Court.
The lesser Birds *Joves* Eagle can disdaine,
Small loves get Doves from Crow, and chattering Craine.
Parrats and Jayes no Linnets love, their proxies,
And Lions seldome feasted be by Foxes,
Rude *Rombus* or *Orbilius*, *Flagellator*,
Buffon or *Tarlionist*, or Paultrie prater,
Be *Gallio's* Comrades: Spaniels which can flatter,
(As *Damocles*, *Dionisius*,) suite their platter:
Gust taste and humour, as the right shooe fits,
Right foot: great spirits ecclipse their gifts, parts, wits.
Experience dictates this from knowne desarts,
Observant flattery gaines, it drownes all Arts,
The wise Philosopher, his clothes once thanked,
Because they brought him in the Gourt acquainted;
A silken gull, an Asse that's trapt in gold,
Before nake't mettall'd gifts, in prize fooles hold.
Hence learned *Beuclarkes*, like to *Homer* poore
Are sleighted, and tread not on *Enclio's* floore,
Poore bleared Owles eye clouds, but hate the sun,
Dogs barke at (but they marke not) *Cynthia's* moone,
Which if but once ecclipst, all talke and looke,
But on her constant shine, no heede is tooke.
Yet who may sit with Nobles, Princes, Peeres,
Crassus or *Corridon*, such well forbeares,
At Eagles, Dawes: they no sixt finger want:
Worth goes on foot, where mules and horse be scant.
For tho to [illegible] be [illegible] opall,

Footing

Footing is yet more Apostolicall.
They who like Justices, with heavens Judge
c Mat. 19. 28 Shall sit (c), crums of a *Dives* need not grudge,
Tho no aspect, espect be had from men,
The harnest of great parts, great paines comes then.
A noble Peere in Be'gia, France or Spaine,
Unknowne to clownes, laughs at their rude disdaine;
Nor doe we thinke it strange, that Hens, Cocks, Hogs,
Sleight pearles for barley cornes: for carrions, Dogs.
Yet sure who love not men of gifts and parts,
d 1 Ioh. 3. 12 Love not their giver; earth fils (duls) their hearts,
e Pet. 4. 14. But who hate gifts as gifts, as *Abell* (d) *Caine*,
f *invidentia fraternæ gratiæ. Vide Aretium in Locis de spiritu sancto.* The spirit of gifts of Grace, blaspheme, (e) disdaine.
Hence Schoole-men (on whose Votes relie the most)
Make this a brancht, sin (f) 'gainst the Holy Ghost:
The Divels owne sin (g), who envyed in a trice,
Man in Gods Image, made in Paradice.
Withall? In fits and starts who Sermons heare,
g *Smalcald de Angelis & Casman, in Angelographia.* (As Trowants goe to Schoole:) I much doe feare,
Will up to Heaven ride, in strings of silke,
When Hens make holy water: Birds give milke:
Since heavens gate is straite (h), narrow the way,
By violence strive we in, not Trowants play:
h *Mat.* 7. 13, 14. And he 'twixt God and Mammon (i), who divides
Gods day; at home prayes: reads good Bookes besides,
i *Mat.* 6. 24. *Smith, Perkins, Bifield, Bab'ngton* or *Dod*,
k *Luke* 7. 30. The word neglected (k), backward goes to God (l),
l *Prov.* 28 9. But who strayes from the Church: untill defil'd,
m *Gen.* 34. 1, 2. (Like straggling *Dinah*) (m), hees the Devils childe (n),
Yea, hees a dead childe (o), strangled in the womb:
n *Iohn* 8. 44, 47. Who no pure Church milke sucks (p), lies dead at home,
Like to dead Insects, (Swallowes, Bats) which lie
o *Ephes.* 2. 1. In walls dead, till the Springs Sun life supply.
Luke 15. 32. Yea like a stinking carrion he is not,
p 1 *Pet.* 2. 1, 2 Twise dead (q), Gods Sabbaths, who to keep, cares not:
q *Iude* 12. Who powerfull preaching left: from *Babel's* schoole,
r *Hos.* 7. 14. Heares formall Prayers redd, from knave or foole,
s *Acts* 2. 1, 2, 3. Or bulls of *Basan*, bellowing (r) in a Quire,
His heart neer hot was with celestiall fire,
t *Iames* 3. 6. Such as from Christ, on his Apostles fell (s),
More like, his heart and tongue (t) is hot from hell:

Since

Since to prophane the Lords day is the bane
Of all Religion, and speakes man prophane u, v Heb. 12. 16.
(Tho *Conzens, Helim, Fotherbie* and *White*,
For Sabbath sports, (hells Proctors) plead and write:)
He that a morning Sermon liketh well,
At afternoone, heeds no Church tolling bell:
At home, tho not at Church, he steales a nap,
Sathan then takes him napping, in his trap;
His heart darts through his mouth; which gapes oft wide,
As *Niles* Rat, through the Crocodiles jawes doth slide
(Sleeping) into his guts, there for to teare him,
As vipers doe their dams. The Devill comes neere him,
Into his very heart, he peradventures,
(As into *Judas* w, *Ananias* x, enters. w *Iohn* 13.27
A halfe dayes Sabaterian, is a thing x *Acts* 5.3.
To heaven on one legg walkes: Flies with one wing,
A cake halfe bake't, a piece of beef halfe boild,
Or roast half raw, in hell fit to be broild:
A hot shot sure, his aguish zeales hot burning,
Soone to cold fits, or to cold palsies turning,
Or to Lukewarmenesse, which is in the bloud,
And ayre, (not in the soule y). A temper good.
This same *Agrippa* oft is halfe perswaded y *Rev.* 3.18.
To be a Christian z, but in halfe way jaded a: z *Acts* 26.28
He back to *Sodom*, like to *Lots* wife, lookes, a *Luke* 17.31
Ægyptians leekes, not Manna b, well he brookes, b *Num.* 11.
Soone is he Capon cramb'd with mentall meats 4,5.
On Gods feasts surfetting, no more he eats. c *Iob* 27.10.
A bone is in his leg, or in his heart
A stone c, he list not stir, to take a part
Of heavenly food: at best, this Lukewarme swaine
With bees and ants, stirs not in windes and raine:
Snaile-like he pulls in hornes when Boreas blowes,
What best is for his ease, the false foole knowes:
Sometimes he prayes, heares, reads: but here's the case,
Horse-like reines losde e, he leaves his forced pace.
Much like a Milne-horse, or a Carriers jade,
He keepes one tract: hot zeale would spoile his trade:
Like an old Oxe slow treads he; (yet scarse sure)
Zeales hot spurd chase, he never could indure.

Like an old Courtier, fox fur'd Alderman,
He walkes to God, in state, (*Elias* rand,)
d 1 *King.* 18. 1. Like an old Greyhound, he will laich by cunning,
Yet mad, if haire or hinde out-strip his running.
'Twixt Athists, Papists, and prophane, these sinners,
f *Mat.* 22.5, (Mungrils,) lose Christ, for mammon, lusts f, and dinners.
6. *Luke* 14. Their Fathers house left is, even bread enough,
18,19,20. For awnes and windy huskes g, from Pluto's plough:
g *Luke* 15. Their birth-right for poore broth sh, and Paradice,
16,27. *See* For Sodoms apples; vertues for base vice.
the booke cald When they from Gods plough looke, and duties leave,
the arraigne- And to the world, (as weeds to rocks) doe cleave:
ment of the With *Judas* i, *Demas* k, *Simon* l, *Ananias* m,
Creature. Or (as in times of zeale inflam'd *Elias*)
h *Gen.* 25. 34 With Lukewarme Israel, they d reele and halt n,
i *Iohn* 12. 6. 'Twixt God and Baal: its their shame, their fault,
k 2 *Tim.* 4. To be such weathercocks; in a flustring poother,
10. One naile so soone for to drive out another:
l *Act.* 5. 19, The world the word; their zeale's like morning dew,
20. Or breath on flint; soone on, soone off: their hew
m *Acts* 5. 2. And Copy chang'd: Peernizing; as the tyde
n 1 *King.* 18. And streame runs: dog-like taking stronger side,
21. Their sparkes soone kindled, and their flasht desires,
Like Naptha taking fire, at sight of fires,
Die soone, like brands which into waters falls,
From seeming *Pauls*, they turn Church plundering o *Sauls*.
o *Acts* 9. 1, Like that Ephemeras, soone borne p, soone dying,
2,3. Now are they Christ professing, now denying.
p *Mane oriri-* Now they Hosanna cry q, now crucifie him r,
tur, vesperi mo- These *Demesses*, both follow *Paul*, and fly him,
ritur. Plinius With *Mercury* the Planet they accord,
q *Iohn* 12.13, Good with the good, bad with the bad, their word
r *Iohn* 19. 6. *Vertumnus* is. Oft they fly high we know,
s *Mat* 23.14 But Kite-like, carrion, meere to spy below s.
t *Gen.* 8.7. Which when they finde, they with *Noahs* Raven gust,
Gods Arke renounced t, to the world they trust;
Such Newtrals, *Laodiceans*, such knowne pests
To Church and State, both God and man detests,
And if coales from Gods Altar heat them not,
In cordiall zeale, heaven spues them out, God wot.

'Twixt

'Twixt Tirians, Trojans, Medlayes: 'twixt two ſtooles,
Theſe Papiz'd Athiz'd Proteſtants fall: like fooles
At hazzard, and at danger-ſtoole they play
Their ſoules, they into hell hole racket may,
Two haires whil'ſt they doe hunt, and fly two games,
Both loſt, both Sects deny them, as their ſhames.
As Demi-papiſts, we doe nought eſteeme them,
Papiſts as hated Proteſtants, doe deeme them;
What can we thinke of thoſe who once a yeare,
Quarter or Month, in good moods, Preachers heare,
But will not with their perſons be acquainted,
(Tho that an *Auguſtine* or *Hierom* Sainted,)
Theſe unto Mice and Rats compare, who fly,
(Altho they taſte my cates) my company,
With *Draytons* Owle, I ſee the Newters guize,
As if with *Epidaurean*, *Argus* eyes,
Scarce is his heart hid more, then *Grantham* ſteeple,
In nets none dance unſeene. Before a cripple
To halt is hard. The Woodcock and the Aſſe,
Their heads hidd, thinke none ſee them as they paſſe:
But men are ſeene; few weare a Gyges ring,
Legall and Regall, Parliament and King,
Diſtinguiſh plaine: yea Perſian luſts, from Lawes,
And *Phaetons* ſhed from *Phabus*: Doves from Dawes.
And by ſome *Shiboleths* for all their ſleights,
We *Ephramites* diſcerne from *Gileadites* [u], [u] *Iudg.*12.6.
Gideons and *Barucks* too, who trophies win,
Helping the Lord [w] from Newters in warme skin, [w] *Iudg.*5.13.
Who ſeek to ſleepe: with neither haires nor hounds
Who hold, but ſeeke to keep themſelves from wounds.
In Monks, Coules, Iriſh Mantles, or French hoſe,
Theſe Jacks-on-both-ſides jetting, nought would loſe.
Tho that the Common-wealth ſhould ſinke or ſwim,
So they their owne may keep, or more may win,
So they their owne ſtakes ſave, and build their neſts,
Let the Land ſwim in bloud, what care theſe peſts.
As *Pharaohs* fat kine [x], eate up were with poore, [x] *Gen.*41.20
Their pollicy, piety, doth ſo devoure:
Well let him flouriſh like a greene bay tree,
As a white Devill ſhall he be to me,

This Church or State, Camelion mutable,
This *Proteus*, this *Vertumnus*, ſutable
To every colour as may fit him beſt,
This Hare, this Hedge-hog, who can change his neſt,
As for advantage every winde doth blow,
This Sculler, who can backward, forward row,
As Ropers walke when ſtrangling cords they twine,
This politicke *Polipus* he no friend of mine,
Becauſe not Gods; this formall Temporizer,
Of all ſorts for by ends, an equall prizer:
Proteſtants and Papiſts, who alike both loves,
Long-headed Sneakes or Snakes, Round-headed Doves:
Harpizing Cavilliers, or paſſive Saints,
Naboaths or *Nabals*, *Iezabels* faſts paints,
Or true *Nathaniels*: *Bethel*, or *Bethaven*,
Rochets, Robes, Rebels which blow to his haven
Profits: ſhips to his ſhoare; meales to his mill;
Fiſh to his nets: he to him welcome ſtill,
(As every gueſt unto a carnall hoaſt,
And every traitor, to Saint *Patricks* coaſt,
And Auditors all, unto ſoule ſoyling Players,
And Tag and Rag earſt to Cathedrall prayers.)
This *Iudas* who with Phariſees faine pretends
And with Diſciples walkes for baſer ends:
This apple which ſeemes ſound, at coare yet rot,
I doe caſhier him, for God knowes him not:
This *Timothy* tu.ne-coat, which ſo neat doth jet,
In Raine-bow colours all, with laces ſet
On changeable Taffeties, (when raines they drinke,
Like Weſtern Cloth, yet in their wettings ſhrinke.)
Theſe feathers which doe hang in dubious Aire,
To riſe or fall, they ſo inconſtant are:
Theſe Marriners which have the wily skill
With every wind to ſaile, which way they will:
Theſe Oecebolians ?, who their Tippets turne
As quick as wheeles, and ſcoppetels round doe run:
Theſe Satyres with one breath, who blow hot cold,
Run with the Deere, yet with the Dog can hold,
Can heare a morning Sermon, and a Maſſe,
(*Hybernian Grandees* ſome, thus playde at paſſe,)

Calcate me ſalem inſipidum.

I at them looke, as Lions in a grate,
Yet come not in their pawes, at any rate:
These Sea-mewes, Sea-larkes, Otters, with contents,
Dutch-like, who live, thrive in both Elements
Of water, land. These Pope *Ioanes* who can weep
Even *Ismaels*, *Dallilahs* teares: Snakes which can creep
Into the brests of Kings: these Crocodiles:
These Basilisks who can sting: by lookes and smiles,
These Syrens which sing death: in *Ioabs* wayes,
Who kill and stab our *Abners*, *Amasaes*:
These silent Serpents and these birding cats,
Who without noise devoure: or by court chats,
Who know to twist and twine their ropes of honey,
With Turkish mutes, to strangle men for money
These Demons Davusses, Church State diseases,
Be they purg'd from us when the great God pleases;
With Bannisters, Dampfordians, Gardiners,
Greeke Simons Simons, Spanish Gundimers;
French Hamans, Achans: Let us crave their aid,
When we would trudge to Tyburne, false bet raide.
Their Plutoniz'd plots, full and free recite I,
Elsewhere[a], *Prynn* more[b], Church Newters, now indite I.
With Laodiceans who in jobs and starts,
Will duties doe, with heads and tongues, not hearts.
Perhaps they now and then pray, tho amisse,
As Boares by dribling, now and then doe pisse.
As in good moods, his Almes some Usurer gives,
To as much end as water pour'd in sives:
A prayer in dire distresse, they bellow out,
And cry as pain'd in strangury, stone, gout,
As hungred wolves and dogs[c], and lions roare,
And houle, in famine pincht, and pressed sore:
Hard-hearted *Pharaoh* plague'd[d], *Antiochus*,
Herod[e], and *Maximinus* have houlde thus,
With *Spira*[f], *Iudas*[f], *Latomus*, Popes dying,
Heffemasters[g], *Caines*[h], in dire despaire loud crying:
As Rats and Cats will squeake, in fire and paine,
And traytors ought confesse when racks them straine,
And Trewants promise much even to a wonder,
The Ferula their posteriors being under;

[a] *In Iustice awakened*
[b] *In his royall Favourite.*
[c] *Psal.* 59.6.
[d] *Exod.* 8.8.
[e] *En vestrum deum, Apud Iosephum.*
Vermibus Corrosum. Act 12. 23.
[f] *Mat.* 7.3,4.
[g] *Of all which read Lemcer in Theatro, de desperatione.*
[h] *Gen.* 4.13.

But

But once their ſtormes ore paſt; their Sun re-ſhining,
i *Hoſ.*7.14. Of former eaſe, they ceaſe their ſwiniſh i whrining.
And to their former byas with deſires,
k 2 *Pet.*2.22. As dogs run they to vomits k, hogs to mires:
As Schoole-boyes ônce the whip ore paſt, or theeves
After hand-burnings, ſoone forget their grieves;
And to ſuch pranks retire, as fleſh likes beſt,
As Belgicks ſtorkes returne to their old neſt:
Their ponds and puddles ſoone dry up God wot,
The ſpirits freſh feeding fountaine they have not.
Their duties neither from the ſpirit come,
As flouds from the Seas doe flow, beames from the Sun,
Nor back returne to God, but from themſelves,
And for themſelves, all doe, theſe houling Elves:
By Legall terrours driven, ſlaviſh feares,
Of Hell: as we to ſtakes draw bulls, and beares,
Aſſes to burthens: Rakehels whipt to ſchooles:
Heifers pull to their yokes, with rods beat fooles,
By vvindes and waters as our milnes be moved,
By feares be formaliſts to duties ſtooved:
No love to God or Chriſt, them ſets a worke,
More then the Pagan, Canniball, or Turke.
Not love but feares be ſpurs, to what they doe,
And bridles to the ills which they forgoe,
As children waſpes and candles throw away,
When they doe ſting and burne, ſpoil d is their play:
Their duties hence ſoone ceaſe, the ſpirit awanting,
As lampes and fires ſoone dye, where oyle be ſcanting:
Needs muſt their wheeles ſtand ſtill, uncyl'd, undrawne,
When fiſhes wets doe want, on land they yawne:
Oh let theſe twilights know halfe lights, halfe darkes,
Theſe hot cold cubs: of grace, they have no ſparkes:
In a true optick glaſſe, their want of graces
They ſoone may ſee, for all their painted faces:
For all their heartleſſe tones, meere from their tongue,
As juyce from Orenges and Lemmans wrung;
Or from the wreſted noſe, the dropped bloud,
Alas their formall Frayers, doe ſuch good
As tales of Frier *Tuck*, and *Robin Hood*,
Which temporizers have in ſuch ſtead ſtood.

As squeakes of Rats, Sheep bleats, or Scrich-owles cries,
Which so please God, as their dissembled lies.
Where *Esay* a, *Jeremy*, and Prophets name them,
In zealous wrath and hate, God doth disclaime them,
As *Babels* bablings, be but formall sins,
Ignorant Asses brey, in Lions skins,
Like to *Cumanus* Asse, in my supposing;
They in their best, but Wolves be, in Sheeps cloathing.
Bogs rot at bottome, tho above growne green,
Dunghills snow covered, till snow melt, unseene:
Our *Ananiasses* b be but painted walls,
To rotten Sepulchres c their best share, falls.
The like of each Church Babby, silly one
I say, who can nought say, or pray alone,
Unlesse his Mamury teach him: cannot stand
Nor goe, unlesse led by his Nurses hand:
Nay without spectacles he sees no light,
And cripled without crutches, he falls downe right:
He prayes not, till taught, like a Daw to talke,
Or Paraketto, for to prate, walke, walke.
He prayes as Schoole-boyes write, Musicians sing,
By booke: to Gyrles, as Seamsters patterns bring.
He prayes not, but by formes, by others pend,
By Booke of Common Prayer chiefe, his friend,
His great *Apollo*, his *Diana* great,
His Idoll: which to pray: will teach compleate,
As well as *Norway* frosts, the world will heate;
Or as a poysonous gourd, will yeeld him meate;
Him tutoring so to pray, without Gods motions,
As Images teach Lay-men, true Devotions:
This Moralist, this Impe of hell, this Mome,
Whose devious devotions be all foame:
This Mule 'twixt Horse and Asse, Hermophrodite;
This Eccho who doth penned words recite;
This crosse Court cryer, who doth but relate,
What's writ or spoke: this Almanack past Date.
This Rochet Scholler, who doth count all zeale
But candles which into their sockets sweale,
Or wilde fires which would Idols, Altars, burne,
(For whom our Zion, and her sons doe mourne.)

a *Esay* 1. 11, 12. *Jer.* 17. 6, 7. *Esay* 66. 2.
b *Act.* 23. 3.
c *Mat.* 23, 27

d Luke 9.60. He's dead in soule d, without least sparke of spirit,
His formall Rites which heaven be thought to merit,
e Mat.6.20. To hell (like all *Romes* foists) doe sinke him downe e,
Chap.15.6,9 As neck-tyde-millstones, would in seas him drowne;
Col.2.20,21 Unlesse the Holy Ghost teach such to pray f,
Gal.5.2. Put up their pipes, and shooe the goose they may.
f Zach.12.10 As well as reasonate their aery sounds g,
Rom.8.25. Which Gods eares deafe, their souls (his worship) wounds.
g Mat.6.7. By paper helps they at a dead coale blow,
In vaine their breaths, their blasts away they throw:
Since what comes not from God, doth not returne
To God, as beames reflex backe to their sun;
Rom.6.21. As rivers run to seas from whence they came,
They are not fruits of grace, but Natures shame h:
They backe recoyle to nature: small esteeme
They have from grace; his name they doe blaspheme:
From Wormes to Lions: yea from beasts to men;
i Simia simiæ chara, & suus cuique nidus pulcher. All love their owne i, what's others scarce they ken.
The Cow her owne Calfe ownes, the Ewe her Lambe,
And every suckling knowes his proper dam.
This doth the Creature, the Creator more,
k Iohn 4.24. Heares his owne Saints, who him in spirit adore k,
l Psal.66.18. None else; the wicked have his deafned eare l,
1 Pet.3.12. Far from him m, wanting Christ n, they come not neere o,
Psal.34.15, 16. Besides each sensitive hath sole content,
In his owne breeding, feeding element:
m Ephes.2.13 The Lion he loves flesh, the Horse his hay,
n Ephes.2.12. Seas to their fish, Woods to their beasts yeeld prey:
o Esay 59.1,2 And God a spirit pure, he sole delights
In hearts soules spirits: not in formall rites:
These puddles feedings be to *Romish* frogs,
To Antichrist, to Earth-wormes, Mammons hogs.
p 1 Thes.5. 19,20 I taxe no weaker gifts, which to their woe
Doe creep and crawle, when they would upright goe.
q Mat.25.29 In exercise of weake, but willing grace p,
2 Pet.3.18. God makes them finde their feet, and mend their pace q:
r Es.7.42.3 A little gold is Gold, a sparke is fire r,
s 2 Cor.8.12. God takes the will for worke s, for acts desire t,
t Gen.22.16. But their dead soules my earnest spirit condoles,
2 Sam.7.2,3. With paper Prayers, who but blow dead coales,

Resting

Resting on formes, these broken staves and reeds,
Ditch them in hell, for such my sad soule bleeds.
No light without the Sun, of Planets best,
No life without a Christ [u], no peace [w], grace [x], rest:
Yea Prayer without a Christ is but meere prating,
Verbosities Ventosities relating.
Oh let us preach Christ more, throughout the land;
His mercies, misteries, some scarse understand:
The Law convicts but, and in bondage stings us,
Christ preacht converts: *Joshua* to *Canaan* brings us.

[u] *Acts* 4. 12. *Gal.* 2. 20.
[w] *Isay* 57. 14.
[x] *John* 1. *Rom.* 5. 1.

Postscript.

MOe hot broths could I give Sir Politicke
Lukewarme: but least he should prove Luniticke
Like John a scruples, with his braines ore heated,
Or mad like hunted Boares, and Beares much fretted:
Or like a chased Horse, should cast his froath,
Upon my Papers, which I would be loath.
I leave him now for to prevent mishap,
For to put on his best considering cap:
Phlebotomiz'd, and brought upon the stage,
I would not put him, to a Beldams rage.
As I shall feele his palmes; his pulses beat,
I shall him sweat into a zealous heat:
If Lukewarme or Icy-cold he doe persever,
My notions potions next, may heat his liver.

Lusit hæc raptim, H. redivivus.

FINIS.